

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

* "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back." *

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1865.

NUMBER 82.

Winchester : Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

S. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, tradesmen and men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, tradesmen and men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offer our best business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles
OF

Hats and Bonnets
OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.

Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids, Ribbons, &c., at prices to suit the times.

Mrs. MAGGIE GILLUM,
No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.
Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,
Cor. Short and Lawrence Streets,
LEXINGTON, KY.

JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and is a first-class hotel, first-class rates reasonable. Every part of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

W. J. SEITZ, WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,
DOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
IRONTON, O.

C. D. MOORE, WITH
BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,
Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

CATLETTSBURG, KY.

Agency for South Bend Plows.

CHARLES UHL,
WITH

REED, PEEBLES & CO.,
WHOLESALE

Dry Goods & Notions,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,
DENTIST,

HAZEL, KY.

A. FLOYD BYRD,
CAMPTON, KY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collates made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day, Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CAMPTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. H. SWANGO,
Campton, Hazel Green.

JOHNSON & SWANGO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics especially

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Items of News Gathered by Busy Herald Correspondents

That Its Readers May Be Posted on What Is Being Said and Done.

A RESUME OF THE PAST WEEK

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chield among you taking notes,
And he'll he print it."

WOLFE COUNTY.

Lane Items.

H. B. and John Hurst, of Pear Tree, attended the speaking Friday.

Mrs. H. E. Duncan, of Maytown, is visiting her father, W. J. Graham.

J. B. Marcus and R. A. Hurst spoke at Lam's Friday on the political issues of the day.

Henry Gundiff, of Breathitt county, paid Sunday night singing "Good bye, by loves good bye."

While in Breathitt county last week, your scribbled at Sam H. Hurst's. His boy, Taylor, took me into the apple house where I found about 1,500 bushels of the finest apples I ever saw, and then went into the orchard and could not miss a one.

SHANGHAI.

Maytown Missiles.

Mrs. Swango is very sick.

Claud Day is on the sick list.

Miss Lillian Patrick is a little better at this writing.

James Wilson has moved to town and with Henry Stamper is running a wood and shop.

James Clark, of Pine Grove, has bought C. W. Clark's farm near town and moved to it.

E. B. May and family of Montgomery, were visiting home folks last week, and are now at Elk Fork visiting the family of J. W. Henry.

Messrs. Mankner and Gosney are moving along nicely with their mill. You may expect fine flour when she starts, as Mr. Mankner will have no other.

WINGLESS.

MENEFEE COUNTY.

Pomeroyton Paragraphs.

Butler Hughes is reported as having the fever.

Ben Quicksall went to Hazel Green Tuesday morning to vote.

Mrs. Bruce Sexton, who has been quite sick for sometime is improving.

Henry Murphy and Jas. D. Haulsey attended the examination at Frenchburg Friday and Saturday.

Harry and Ernie Little and James Canney have about 1,200 geese which they will drive to market soon.

Judge Cauldill has been doing some effective work for the Democratic party in this country. The judge never fails to be at his post.

It seems that some of the "boys" have been having a good time drinking "red liquor" for the past week. But, oh! how bad they will feel after the election is over.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cataract that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swear to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1865.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

SEAL.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Said for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Not Sold by druggists, etc.

Japan Oil is said to be the most wonderful liniment for external application that scientific chemists have ever made. Hundreds and thousands of cases testify to this fact. Said at this office both life and expense. Try it, as it is, at \$50 cents a bottle. This is a household necessity and always a friend in need.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics especially

THE WATERFALL.

Written for THE HERALD.]
"Tis morn, the wind is fitful gusts
Strikes through the verdant pines;
The sun unlimbed in cloudless sky
From his throne of glory shines.

I'm standing where the sunbeams fall
On cliff and chasm deep;
Where waters tremble on the rocky brink,
Then down the chasm leap.

Around on every hand I see
Cliffs and trees that rise
And tower in grandeur till
They seem to touch the vaulted skies.

Far down below me I can see
The waters glide along,
And they make sweet music to my soul
As they sing their morning song.

But grander still, and more sublime,
Is the rushing torrent's fall,
As it tumbles a moment on the brink,
Then leaps down the rocky vein.

As the lightning streams along the clouds
When the sky is veiled in gloom,
So the waters dash to the rocks below,
And strike with a sultry boom.

And as the thunder rends the clouds
And shakes the rain from heaven,
Those sheets of water by eried rocks
In a glittering spray is riven.

Then gathering again in the pool below,
Its strength was that lately given,
Whirls, and eddies, and glides along,
Reflecting the light of heaven.

John M. Rose, the druggist, will tell you that no one is better qualified to judge of the merits of an article than the dealer, because he bases his opinion on the experience of all who use it. For this reason he wishes us to publish the remarks of other dealers about an article which he handles. Messrs. C. F. Moore & Co., Newberg, Ore., say: "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than all others put together, and it always gives good satisfaction." Mr. F. Allen, Fox, Ore., says: "I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have handled." Mr. W. H. Hitchcock, Columbus, Wash., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells well and is highly prized by all who use it."

District Medical Association.

At a called meeting of the physicians of Breathitt, Owsley, Wolfe, Lee, Estill, and Powell counties, held at the Nina Inn in Beattyville, Ky., on Friday Oct. 25, on motion the name of the society was agreed upon and called the Kentucky Valley Medical Association.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. D. B. Cox, sr., of Wolfe; First Vice President, Dr. R. W. Parke, of Lee; Second Vice President, Dr. B. D. Cox, jr., of Breathitt; Secretary, Dr. C. D. Mansfield, of Powell; Assistant Secretary, Dr. George S. McDonald, of Owsley.

The following papers were read before the society:

Dr. H. H. Stamper, of Wolfe, read a paper on Post Partum Hemorrhage.

Dr. B. Littlepage, of Powell, read a paper on Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Geo. S. McDonald, of Owsley, read a paper on Phlegmiasis Dolens.

Dr. C. D. Mansfield, of Powell, read a paper on Erysipelas.

After the meeting, supper was tendered the local profession and visiting members by Dr. R. W. Parke at the Nina Inn, followed by dancing, which was enjoyed by all present.

The society will meet again the first Friday and Saturday in May, 1866, at Stanton, Ky.

Mrs. W. B. Meek, who resides at Campionville, Cal., says her daughter was for several years troubled at times with severe cramps in the stomach, and would be in such agony, that it was necessary to call in a physician. Having read of Chamberlain's Colds, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, she concluded to try it. She found that it always gave prompt relief. It was seldom necessary to give the second dose. It has not only saved us lots of worry and time, as she says, "but also doctor bills. It is my opinion that every family should have a bottle of this remedy in the house."

For sale by John M. Rose.

Wanted.

500 bushels of good Wheat. Will pay 75c per bushel on notes and accounts, or in merchandise, including flour, (S. P. Kent brand) wheat to be delivered at my door in Hazel Green.

2. T. DAY.

Public Sale.

I will, at my residence, on FRIDAY, November 15, 1865, offer for sale, to the highest bidder, the following lot of property, towit:

All my household and kitchen furniture.

Farming implements.

Ten Bee Stands.

Four Milk Cows.

Four Heifers.

Two Young Steers.

Seven Fat Hogs.

Seven Stock Hogs.

One Bay Mare.

"And many other articles too tedious to mention.

Terms made known on day of sale.

T. N. GRAHAM.

Charley Sample, of Lacy creek, has a turkey hen which began laying in the spring and up to the present time has laid one hundred and forty-one eggs. Charley says he never saw the like of that before and we doubt if any one has ever witnessed such a display of determination on the part of a fowl. She is evidently laying for the future thanksgiving festivals and wants to supply the whole of creation with fine fat turkeys for the occasions. Charley calls her Macduff, makes no effort to stop her in her mad career, but on the other hand cries "ay on, and damned be he who cries enough."

Our Last Call.

If you owe us a note or account and the same is not paid by November 15th, 1865, suit will be brought on the same without respect of person. This means every man, woman and child who owes us. We are determined to settle up the business of Pieratt & Co., so save cost by calling and paying up.

Respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

P. S. Could you also pay what I owe me? I need it to pay what I owe you.

Respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT.

If Jesse Johnson, who left the vicinity of Kokomo, Ind., in a mysterious manner some fifteen years ago, is still alive and within hailing distance of THE HERALD, it desires to state that he can hear something to his advantage by communicating with the county clerk of Howard county. His father, John Johnson, died suddenly a short time ago, leaving a fortune of about \$75,000 to be divided among seven children. Six will get it unless the missing brother is heard from.

The world of medicine has discovered a new remedy for sick headaches. It works in an almost magical manner, and effects cures in almost impossible cases. Ask your druggist for Ramon's Tonie Liver Pills (and Pellets) and give them a fair trial for a fortnight, and the chances are that you will have no more billiousness, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, etc. It costs but 25 cents. Ask your druggist for a free sample.

John Evans, the right hand bower of the J. T. Day Co., of Hazel Green, was in the city Monday, en route to Louisville, where he goes in the interest of his firm.—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

Mr. Day requests us to say that Mr. Evans is not connected with his firm or working in the interest of it, he having resigned his position to accept a place with a wholesale house of Louisville, as traveling salesman.

Taylor Day is having his mill in Hazel Green covered with V-shaped iron roofing and will replace the shingle roof now on his storehouse with the same fire-proof material. Asked when the mill would be ready for business, Mr. Day said he thought they could grind the latter part of this week or the first of next.

If you are indebted to this office on subscription, job work or advertising, you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the filthy lucre about as bad as a hobo does a meal—a victim at a time, and your promptness will relieve our distress and be forever appreciated. Never mind the rush. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

I wish to call the attention of my friends to my fall and winter stock of capes and dress goods, kid gloves, mossy, caps, Tam-o'-shanter, sailors in all styles, walking hats, and in fact hats to all descriptions.

Mrs. F. N. DAY.

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Mrs. F. N. DAY.

Free to our Readers.

A first class, high grade monthly home journal has come to be a necessity in every household. Such a journal, well edited, will be a great benefit to every member of the family circle. One of the best journals of this character we have seen, is the Woman's Health Journal, published at Chattanooga, Tenn. The chaste stories, charming verse and interesting miscellany, appeal alike to young and old. Its spiritual contents of Fashion, Amusements, Our Girls, A Page for Mothers, The Home-keeper, with the Children and the Health and Hygiene Department, edited by a competent and experienced physician, make it invaluable to any home.

The HERALD, always on the lookout for well paid positions, has secured fifty yearly subscriptions to The Woman's Health Journal, which it proposes to give away during the next 60 days.

A years subscription to this journal will be given to to

(1) Every new subscriber to THE HERALD who pays cash;

(2) Every old subscriber who renews by Nov 15;

(3) Every delinquent subscriber who pays up arrears.

These subscriptions won't last long. First come, first served. Call at this office and see sample copy.

Jim Swango' is one of the hustling young Democrats of this section, and no mistake about it. Through his solicitation he got up a pure to pay the expense of getting the election returns, and Tuesday evening left for West Liberty to avail of the telephone communication with Morehead. By this means we are today able to lay before our readers the report published elsewhere.

"Incurable.

We know it sounds quackish to talk about the Electrope to cure incurable diseases, but bear in mind the fact that it is the old treatment that has pronounced the case incurable. We do not make the claim that we can cure incurable diseases, but we do maintain all earnestness that a case pronounced incurable by your family physician is a splendid field for the operation of the Electrope. It may be just likely to succeed. It is not to be recommended against the "Poiss," but in such a case, the faith of the physician's statement is proven to be true. But many's the patient who has been given up by his physician who has again received life through treatment with the Electrope.

Harry Nickell and wife, of Grass Valley, paid our office a pleasant call yesterday. It was the first visit Mrs. Nickell ever paid a printing office, and she seemed very much interested in the mysteries of "the art preservative."

To my patrons in this and Morgan county: I am in need of some money just at present—need it badly—and will be obliged if you will come in and pay your accounts, or part on them.

Respectfully,

A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

Mrs. Lou Day will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better for a mess of the nicest and whitest hominy we ever smacked over our lips over. It was ready for eating when sent in, and therefore doubly appreciated.

Miss Minnie L. Horton, daughter of Hon. Frank Horton, of Camargo, who has been visiting Miss Minnie Day, of this place, since the fair, returned home today, leaving several anxious palpating hearts behind her.

Charley Andre, book-keeper for J. T. Day, left yesterday for Cincinnati, where he will buy a stock of goods for his house, and assist the buyers of the J. T. Day Co., in buying a stock of goods for the Bucket Store.

Mrs. Belle Godsey will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better for a dish of fine, if not the finest, mixed pickle ever enjoyed by an epicure of exquisite tastes, and that's us.

Fletcher McGuire, whose illness has been reported in these columns for a month past, is said by his attending physicians, Drs. Taubee and Thomas, to be slowly improving.

Miles Pollock, of Laurel, while using a loading railroad ties one day last week had an ankle thrown out of place and his leg broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Caskey, of Grass Valley, are confined to their home by illness. Dr. John A. Taubee is attending them.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN.

NATURE'S QUEEN.
Last night I stood within the silent wood,
Beneath the silver, heavens, dark and drear;
No living songster's vesper charmed mine
ear.
Not a play of bubbling brooklet flowing near,
Nor bright droplets from the waterfalls above;
And no sound all Nature seems to know—
Sleeping in solitude, removed from me.

But on a cushion, came a murmuring rust
Of wind, that lifted every leaf and blade,
Whose whispering voices filled the woodland
With sounds all the sky, as it had
And sparkled all the air, as if it had
With pretty gems, white, with an opal blush,
Broke the bright down from cloud-obscured
And nightingales burst forth in song most
sweet.

It was thy voice upon the summer wind
That wakened all the forest-world from
That caused the myriad stars to wonder
And gazed upon the beauty white to keep,
Thy pathway clear the moonbeams, inter-
twined; Thy praises warbled bird to heaven above,
Purifying art queen of all my queen-my
love!

Grace Breitling Books, in St. Paul's.

A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING.

HE bell sounded for the last time. Engineer Mattern kissed his wife, leaped to his engine, and, with a shrill whistle, the train began to move. The village it was leaving consisted of a few straggling houses, the homes of the railroad men, and the road itself was used principally for the transportation of cattle and freight, for but few travelers passed through this wild region.

The distance to Delmane, to which they were bound, was approximately of about twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the early evening a strong wind had arisen, and till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As soon as the train arrived at Delmane, the bells gave the signal which told the employees all over the line that they could seek their rest, and there was no night trains running on that road.

Mattern rested for a little while and then looked after the work he had been given to do, which occupied him until about eleven o'clock. Leaving the engine standing with a low fire, as he was to return to the village in six hours, he got into his car and went to go to the engine house and get a little sleep. He himself concluded to seek a restaurant that, he had noticed, was still lighted up, where, perhaps, he would find congenial company. As he was free the next day, he could sleep then as long as he pleased.

When he came to the station platform, he saw Mr. Roy, his assistant. Mr. Roy, who said to him,

"You have just arrived in time. I was going to send some one to hunt you up, there is a telegram here for you."

"A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, looking surprised. "Yes: just come into the waiting-room."

In a moment Mattern held the dispatch in his trembling hands.

"Special! The train-master at Delmane will please inform Engineer Mattern that his child is seriously ill with diphtheria. Dr. Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern to bring a physician from Delmane with him when he reaches the station in the morning."

"My child—my poor Little Charlie," groaned the father.

"There is nothing you can do but wait and hope for the best," said Mr. Roy, philosophically. "Lie down and

try suddenly turned and fairly ran to the hotel. Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The doctor appeared at an open window above and asked the name of his caller.

"Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger."

Dr. Sardo threw the door key out of the window, saying:

"Come this way, and come along in the meantime I will dress myself."

Mattern felt around in the darkness for the keyhole, and a few moments later stood before the doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession.

"Give me a description of your child's condition, so that I can take the necessary steps to meet it." In diphtheria cases one must use all possible patches. You live here in town?"

"No, doctor," answered Mattern; and with hurried breath he told his story.

"You say that the train does not return till the morning?" said the doctor, rather impatiently. "Why did you not come at this time of night? What do you expect me to do in the meantime?"

"Come with me, doctor!" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead. "You can save my child if you only will. Out at the station stands my locomotive under steam; if you will come with me I will jump the track because the switches would be turned wrong."

"Indeed, doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear about coming with me."

"Please, doctor, the doors are closed, and as no one expects a train at this time, we might be the cause of a great deal of harm to passing teams."

"No, no, I know every inch of the ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And besides who would be out in weather like this?"

"But what you propose doing is against all rules and regulations; you will lose your position, besides being responsible for all that may happen."

"What do I care for that? if I could only save my child? You can do this for me if you only will. On my knees I beg of you to come with me! Oh, have pity on me!"

The doctor yielded.

"Like some wild spirit of the night the solar engine sped through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reason that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in the engine house. When the doctor had taken his place Mattern threw a can of oil on the fire in order to put the engine in quicker motion, and then was soon flying along as a fourth spoker, only lessened as they passed the first station, which they did without accident, as the switches were turned in the right direction.

The doctor sat down in a corner and tried to finish his broken nap, and Mattern divided his attention between keeping up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. But Dr. Sardo, any idea of the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was passed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make and they would be at their destination.

While leaning down to his work the engine suddenly felt the engine jerk. A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were again flying along in the darkness and storn.

"What was that?" asked the doctor, who had been half asleep.

"Oh, anything—very likely a stone or other substance that became fast between the rails," answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be there."

He slackened the speed of the engine, but he did it mechanically, as if in that. That terrible cry almost made him drop the lever.

He could well imagine what had happened. Some ox or wagon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of a terrible calamity.

Or, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk, followed by a heart-stopping silence? Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness, but knew the shape of the building too well to be mistaken. He stopped the engine and took the path to his home, followed by the doctor.

Through the window on the second floor he could see a light, and very likely he knew that his child was lying, wrestling with death; and to save this child he had perhaps killed and wounded—how many others?

He groaned aloud. Slowly he dragged his weary feet up the stairs. His wife opened the door at his knock.

His boy was still living. Mattern saw his ashken face and heard his rattling breath. In his own sounded again the awful cry that he had heard

before. His nerves, that for hours he had strained to the limit, now, now that he had reached his destination, and he fell to the floor insensible.

It was late the next morning when the engineer regained consciousness, although he could not yet collect his thoughts very clearly; a racking headache prevented this. His limbs seemed immovable and heavy as lead. In the room he was in he could see a woman, which he recognized as their room, a deathlike stillness reigned. He tried to lift his head, but in vain; he fell back on the pillow with a groan. His wife heard him and came in, but with a face pale with weeping.

"Ruth!" he whispered.

"Oh, my dear husband, how thankful I am to see you conscious again!"

"How is the boy?" is he still alive?"

"Oh, yes, thank God! Had you come an hour later it would have been too late, but the doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look after some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing. One man and one child badly injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear husband. That will be your best medicine. I will call you when the doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping.

One person dead, three badly hurt, and a woman in a state of collapse. He had had no intention of doing this, but he had a right to undertake such a fearful responsibility when he knew what terrible consequences might follow?

He rose in despair: he could not endure to lie still; the air of the room almost choked him. In his cars stood a man who had done such a desperate act. As for Dr. Sardo, no blame was attached to him; on the contrary, his humane deed brought him considerable practice.

Neither of the men is alive now, but the remembrance of this stormy night will long remain with those who are still living to tell of its events.—Trib.

A THRILLING MOMENT.

An Archaeologist Who Had Trouble in the Andes.

A French archaeologist traveling among the Andes in search of knowledge and specimens had a great desire to explore the side of the side of the precipices. They were doubtless ancient tombs and would probably yield him a treasure. He selected a favorable spot, therefore rigged a sort of chair or seat between two leather cords and engaged two Indians to let him down from the brow of the precipice. "A descent of three hundred feet," he said, "will be enough." With



I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR BOAT."

trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wife and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently, and bitter tears streamed down his cheeks. What would become of those he loved so dearly?

Slowly he went down the stairs; he shouldered his gun and his knife, and, without a word, he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time: the fresh air seemed to do him good.

The town clock struck seven—it was already past. Mechanically he turned his engine-house; he wanted to look after his engine, as was his daily custom. The engine was still, the engine was still, he did not even, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time: the fresh air seemed to do him good.

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Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to clean the ashes and start the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly:

"I suppose you want to see your roast?"

"Roast?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

The other man laughed more than ever.

"I must have been a pretty good hump. I only wonder that the engine didn't jump the track. The front wheel were full of hair. I cleaned the whole thing and dragged the carriage away. The ass boy was full of bones, it was a pity on account of the beautiful antlers."

So saying, the workman brought the animal to the place where the firewood was kept a number of the broken bones of a deer's antlers.

"There you see, the poor fellow fared badly; he did not expect to be disturbed in his ramblings at night time by the appearance of a locomotive. He was just about to pass the crossing, and, frightened by the light at the crossing, he turned his head, and so you can him down. In such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels of his engine to steady himself. So the engine he had heard had been the eye of a dying stag? But don't, when some one was killed and others wounded. Was he awake or only in a feverish dream?

The talkative workman seemed to grasp his thoughts, or perhaps felt like giving him news of which he seemed to be in ignorance.

"Engines! Keel was not as lucky as you. This morning in taking out the early train he was unfortunate enough to run against a farmer's cart, although

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, upon the latter. If it is pure then the body is healthy; if it is impure, then the body is sick. The nerves are the chief organs of the body, and the blood is the chief agent in their nutrition. The nerves are the chief organs of the body, and the blood is the chief agent in their nutrition.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The True Blood Purifier
Hood's Pills
The after-dinner pill and family cathartic. The

A delicious dish of OATMEAL with the FULL FLAVOR of the BEST selected OATS can only be made with Friends' Oats
MADE OF THE FINEST OATS BY SPECIAL PROCESS. YEARLY SALES 29,000,000 LBS. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS IN 2-LB. PACKAGES. MUSCATINE OATMEAL CO., MUSCATINE, IOWA.

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL DESIGNS PUBLISHED In This Country
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And all the most remarkable information on the latest fashions, with complete descriptions of the latest designs. Order of your copy of "L'Art de La Mode," from the MORSE-BROUGHTON CO., 3 East 10th Street, New York.

Paul Poiret's style designs, 200 copies.

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HARRISON'S POSITION.

We Would Select No One But Himself for President.

John C. New, who was the right-hand man of Ex-President Harrison in 1888, and is so yet for all that is known to the contrary, has been interviewed as to the position of his chief. Since his statements have not been contradicted by Gen. Harrison, it may be granted that they are "inspired."

It seems, then, that the attitude of the ex-president is the conventional one of the priest who is called on to be a bishop, who does not want the office and dreads its responsibilities, but who accepts it in obedience to a solemn semi-religious oath.

Harrison is not a candidate, says Mr. New, but will not enter into the struggle for a nomination which could not bring him any more honor, but which would bring him more care." But if he should be called to active leadership by the party "he will assume the duty as a trust from which his patriotism will not allow him to shrink." This is the language of a modern Roman rather than a modern Indian.

Vox populi said: "General, you must exchange the peaceful seclusion of your home for the laborious turmoil of the white house." Mr. New says authoritatively he would pack up and go, and Mr. New is of the opinion that vox populi is going to do that very thing. He says the "most obstinate of all political parties is the vox populi."

But in order that that drift may not be checked and turned in another direction Mr. New announces that "were Gen. Harrison's advice solicited he would select neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Reed as the republican candidate for president."

In other words, "public sentiment" is warned that if out of regard for Mr. Harrison's desire to remain a private life he is not called to be a candidate it will be left to select either of the two other men who are the leading aspirants for the nomination. While very unwilling to be nominated, Gen. Harrison explains that it would be unsafe to nominate anyone else, and his friends are working hard to prevent the conclusion of such a blunder.

What Mr. New has to say on behalf of his friend is best left in his own words. Gen. Harrison is anxious to be renominated and re-elected. He is a candidate for the nomination, and through his friends is working hard to get it. Recognizing the fact that Messrs. Reed and McKinley are at this moment his most formidable competitors he takes the trouble to point out that he considers their whole spirit. One stands for a bill which cost the party two defeats and stands for nothing else. The other he alleges is responsible for the heavy appropriations of the Fifty-first Congress.

An old politician Mr. New ought to know that it would have been better to say Gen. Harrison yearns exceedingly for the nomination and means every thing to him other than to win him as a Cincinnati man. The pioch on his head turned over his shoulder looking impatiently for the arrival of the senators to inform him of his election and begging his friends to hurry them up.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

MCKINLEY STATISTICS.

Lame Efforts of Protectionists to Deceive the People.

No rigid analysis is required to show the absurdity of the statistical exhibit issued by the American protective tariff league to defend the transparency of the Wilson bill in comparison with the McKinley bill.

The exhibit is so absurd on its face that it could not have been issued by men of sense except under the impression that most newspaper readers are willing to believe that even the most foolish figures cannot lie.

The pretended exhibit of a decrease in the number of men employed in the cotton and cotton mills is based on returns from mills which in 1880 employed only 621 men, while returns are given for only 300 employees in cotton and jute, only 900 in pottery, only 621 in wire-working, only 75 in yarns and cloths, and so on down to only 643 in "newspapers, printing and publishing."

We are to think of the intelligence of the majority of men who undertake to make a report on the condition of the American newspaper business when they have had returns from establishments employing a total of only 643 men—a less number than are employed on the force of a single first-class newspaper?

Yet the tariff league has done this, and the like of it not only once but continually. Evidence of the kind has been impounded. It ought to persuade its statistician to devote himself to some occupation in which he will be less liable to make unscientific exposures of his inadequacy. He ought to run a sawmill or a cemetery or engage in some more exacting employment.—N. Y. World.

The outflow of gold has been checked; the current receipts of the government are in excess of its expenditures; there is not the slightest danger of the issuance of more bonds and the whole country is prosperously employed. Democracy has public and the agency and the result of the calamitous results of republican mismanagement and is now laying away money to the credit of the people—Detroit Free Press.

THE BANKRUPT COMMITTEE.

Republican Fat-Fryers Are Bustling for Campaign Funds.

The republican national committee continues to exploit its bankrupt condition before the public, offering to locate the next national convention of that party at the city which will pay off the committee's debt in addition to regular bonus and donations. In one of these scandalous announcements the committee's debt is said to be forty thousand dollars, which has been hanging over it since the campaign of 1882.

This is the amount which Pittsburgh is invited to raise as the price of making a bid for the convention. A dispatch from that city in a republican paper says: "One of the conditions of the convention's coming here, it is reported, is that the iron and steel manufacturers pay off the debt carried by the committee since 1882. It is said that it is said that forty thousand dollars will cover the amount owing." This declaration is as disgraceful as it is candid.

It has been usual with the republican committees to "fry the fat" out of the republican manufacturers for the payment of election expenses. They are now trying to "fry the fat" out of horse" to square up the debt which "Tom" Carter, "Bet" Clarkson, "Bill" Campbell, "Dick" Kerens, "Sam" Fesenden, "Mike" De Young and their associates left outstanding at the close of the profligate and disastrous republican campaign of 1892.

It must be understood that this committee, for the sake of the public, is required to pay off the old debt of the committee. It is in addition to the usual immuniti sum contributed to pay the expenses of the committee, the convention and the favored individuals who enjoy the municipal hospitality of the place where the convention is located. The proposition is plain. Any one who goes to the convention must contribute to pay off the old debt, to pay the committee's debt. That is a condition precedent. The city making the most generous all around offer in addition to this sum will get the convention.

The thoughtful dispatch containing this scandal mentions the fact that Senator Quay is engaged in the transaction of collecting contributions from the manufacturers.

A party national committee is the permanent representative of the party. The republican national committee is financially bankrupt. However it may be with that party, financially, the committee represents its moral and political bankruptcy. Whether the convention is to be held in the city making the most generous all around offer in addition to this sum will get the convention.

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The Argentine Republic and Australia will be glad to supply any deficiency in meat. The latter country can turn down her frontiers and refrigerated beef in London at six and seven cents respectively. This is one and one-half cents below the average price we get for our meats, but the figures show that should a necessity arise we could draw a sufficient supply of beef from that country, even twenty per cent duty.

It is a peculiar circumstance, and one which worths of notice here, that while the governments of European countries insist on the most rigid inspection, microscopic and otherwise, of American pork and beef products, they accept without any form of inspection whatever, horse meat of every kind from the defunct empires of Germany, France and Russia, while in Germany and France the purchase of a pound of beef will absorb fifty per cent, to seventy per cent of a day laborer's wages.

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"I don't know what on earth to do,"

"I sat down facing him and for what seemed an hour we sat there looking at each other, not speaking a word. What passed through our minds no human words can tell. We saw the dreadfulness of the situation, the helplessness of the race to us, ruin to the establishment, criminal charge and forever afterward the frightful knowledge of having been criminally careless. Black pictures flitted through our minds. It was awful moment."

"We started at every little sound. We listened for the cry of the family members, for the sound of the door opening, for the sound of the thief, for the death-writhing in the throes of death—brought on by a curse, a criminal, an inexorable mistake. The cold sweat stood out all over."

"There came a sound outside. We listened intently. There was a knock on the door. We both sprang to our feet and I opened the door."

"A small boy stood there crying. He held the remnants of some broken pieces of glass in his hands. He threw his arm over his eyes and cried as if his heart would break."

"Oh, mister, please, sir—please—"

"I stumbled my toe—and—booh—fell down, and—booh-booh—broke the bottom of my shoe."

"We both seized him in our arms."

My companion gave him the sort of an embrace that one gives to his sweetheart after a year's separation and we wept on his neck. The way we set that boy up before letting him go ought to have set a premium on breaking bottles in the small boats of that town.—Atlanta Constitution.

NEW ORLEANS' EARLY DAYS.

How the Site of the Crescent City Happened to Be Selected.

When it is remembered that the city of New Orleans is situated on a low, flat island less than twelve feet below the surface of the Mississippi river, and that the entire municipality is protected from the encroachment of the water by continuous levees surrounding the city, it becomes evident that the problems of draining and sewerage present difficulties which cannot be easily overcome.

The levee system of the city is

designed to drain the central part of the city by means of a great canal

leading to Lake Pontchartrain by

means of pumps.

The old system, however, is inadequate for the present needs of the city, and a new plan is

proposed to drain the central part of

the city by means of a great canal

leading to the Bayou Bien-

vieu and thence into Lake Borgne, far

from the city and its water supply.

The sewerage system of New Orleans

is independent of the water system.

It consists of sewers emptying into a

great reservoir, whence the sewage

is pumped over the levee into the river.

Recently a plan has been adopted for

re-enforcing the old system by a new

canal and reservoir which shall receive

the flow of the old sewer.

The new reservoir will be twenty-seven

feet below the old canal, and will be fitted

with pumping engines capable of pumping

forty-five million gallons a day.

It is expected that the system as

planned will provide a rapid current

in the sewers, and the effective and

speedy discharge of all sewage into

the river current at a point far enough

below the city to insure perfect sanit-

ation.—N. Y. Post.

NO NEED FOR HORSE MEAT.

Americans Have an Abundance of Other Animal Food at Present.

The American Prudential has been asked by numerous friends and neighbors to squarely define its position on the question of horse meat as human food. We should think that our position on the subject was well known by this time, but those who know us best know very well that it is no part of our policy to "straddle" any question which concerns the common interest of the trade, and we have no objection to the case of horse meat. As the saying goes, however, of the meat and provision industries, it may, perhaps, be well at the start of this new industry to make an ex cathedra statement, as it were, and put ourselves on record before the press and our readers in every part of the country.

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SENTIMENT IN JEWELS.

Women Love Them Not Only for the Money Value They Represent.

There are few women who do not honestly love gems, and a clever man will not forget that the girl who has no taste for diamonds is not likely to be won over to the charms of a diamond engagement ring remains the same little girl always, and will experience a thrill of joy in a gift of like nature, which nothing more useful or substantial can duplicate.

We are children to the end and love our baubles. I am a great believer in texts and mottoes or "poesy," as they are called.

I say, "I am a day a very beautiful girl set with seven perfect diamonds,

the whole forming a small heart-shaped ornament, the gift of a gentleman to his wife on the birth of her seventh child. These words are engraved on the pendant: "No mist ob-

serves, nor cloud nor speck nor stain

breaks the heart, nor hast

made me, me."

and I say the tears

stream down that sweet mother's face

as she kisses the token and said: "Ah,

John, John, I am not half good enough

for such a husband."

The gift was a superb one, but the words made it in-

definitely precious.

I do not, of course, mean to appal

the wearer, "but I do mean to

disprove the repeated charge of

high-principled advocates that the

gentleman schedule closed the markets

of the world by transferring the de-

mand of American products to other

countries. The year 1893 was the last

year of the McKinley law, and the

value of exports was only \$158,025,118,

a difference of but \$6,939,743 from

the following year.

It is to be noted, however, that the

Wilson law went into effect, the in-

crease being \$2,000,000 over 1893,

and this year will be much better. Amer-

ican iron and steel, cotton, and woolen

and leather fabrics are competitive

forces in foreign markets now as never

before in the history of the trade, and

the claim is based on the plain figures

of commerce.—Philadelphia Times

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

The Funny Outcome of a Most Serious Blunder.

This is a tragedy or comedy, according to the light in which you view it.

One night a prudential agent, a druggist, in Atlanta, was long and lonely in a small city. There were two drug clerks in the store at the time. They divided the time, one answering the calls at night and getting shorter hours in the day, and the other doing long hours.

"One night," said the Atlanta man, "I was in the drug store late at night, and I tacked about my business until I desisted to pass the time reading. After a bit, I heard some one come in the drug store below and heard my partner get up and wait on the customer. In a few minutes he heard the customer go out and everything was quiet again. I don't know what on earth to do,"

"I don't know what on earth to do,"

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Philippe I., of France, did not deserve the title of the Amorous, any more than most other French kings, but in spite of this it was bestowed upon him on account of his numerous intrigues with the ladies of his court.

Louis XII., of France, was designated "The Father of His People" on account of his high regard in which he was held by the people. His highest ambition seemed to be to promote their welfare. The same title, for the same general reason, was also bestowed upon Christian III., of Denmark.

The Boston board of aldermen has given permission for pneumatic tubes to be laid under the streets of that city, and it is expected that the tubes will be used for the delivery of both letters and parcels. The first use to be made of them will be to connect the Boston post office with its abattoirs.

At Mme. Tussaud's in London, is now the Gladstone state carriage, presented to Mr. Gladstone by his father more than fifty years ago. The only other carriage in the exhibition arose of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. Gladstone sold the carriage in order to obtain the money for a charitable scheme.

An odd step in the movement for booming local industries, which has lately started up and attained much headway in the west, has been made at Sioux Falls, S. D. An ordinance has been passed requiring all peddlars and hawkers to pay a license of \$10 a day.

A green turban throughout all Asia is a sign that the wearer is a descendant of the prophet. Many persons who have the right to this mark of honor are now in low life, and a traveler in Constantinople or Cairo may have his baggage carried to his hotel by a genuine descendant of the prophet.

And now it has come to pass that the horse, driven to grass by the competition of locomotives, electric motor and bicycle, is finding his destiny in conversion into an article of food, so that the meat industry of Oregon has already grown important enough to demand and obtain a reduced carload rate on canned meats to Chicago and the east.

Of the injuries to passengers on English railways, it is said that no less than seventy-five per cent are due to jumping on or off trains in motion. Of the other deaths a considerable number are charged to the doors of carriages flying open when in motion from inside fastenings. According to the latest book of facts in compilation with the railway companies, is now studying a new device by means of which all the doors in a train can be simultaneously locked and unlocked.

Argon, the recently-discovered gas, is colorless and inodorous, has about twenty times the density of hydrogen and is much more soluble in water than oxygen or nitrogen. It requires also a very low temperature for liquefaction. Prof. Olszewski, of Cracow, has turned some argon which was sent him by Prof. Ramsey into a liquid at a temperature of three hundred and five degrees F. below zero, and into a block of opaque ice at three hundred and ten degrees below zero. What argon is, however, is still a puzzle to scientists, all attempts to unveil its chemical nature having hitherto failed.

ABDUL HAMID AN EDUCATOR.

The Turkish Sultan Has Established a Regular School.

He has done more for the education of his people than all the sultans who have gone before him. It is true that he does not favor Christian schools, and has devised many new regulations to restrict their influence. Perhaps he feels as one of his subjects to be educated in the schools of the Christians.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY Nov. 7, 1895.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYED, of Campton, as a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

A SICK CHICKEN.



Torrent, Ky., Nov. 7, 1895.

P. N. Day, Hazel Green, Ky.:
Dear Fred: No use to send you a paper. State ticket is Republican by 12,000 to 15,000.

Legislature is Republican by small majority.

Republicans are very jubilant over their first victory.

Very truly,
CHAS. ANDRE.

From the best information now at hand this seems to be an "off year" with the Kentucky Democrats. Bradley, for governor, is probably elected by 3,000 majority, and perhaps the entire Republican state ticket goes in by from 1,000 to 2,000 majority. General Apathy seems to have had entire and absolute control of the Democratic hosts, and as has been his custom in times past, kept them on home-guard service last Tuesday. We have always considered the old jade a feather-bed and butt-milk soldier, and THE HERALD has always been opposed to him as a commanding officer. He never did have any discipline in his command, as a drill-master he has always been a lamentable failure, and desertions from his camp have been far too frequent for the good of the service. In some of the conflicts in the dear old commonwealth on former occasions he lingered around the camp-fires so long that the Republican enemy came near routing our forces and capturing him in his rendezvous, while the "boys in the trenches" lay on their arms awaiting the bugle call summoning them to the fray. THE HERALD then suspected that he was smitten with Miss Lethargy and in collusion with his brother-in-law, Old Mugwump, and on those occasions demanded that he be relieved of his command before he had a chance to play traitor and surrender his noble veteran Democratic hosts into the hands of the enemy. Our advice went unheeded, and the result shows that on Tuesday he was asleep in the arms of his sweetheart, Miss Lethargy, who robbed him of his strength while reading a copy of the Louisville Post. Thus he was betrayed and slaughtered in Old Mugwump's camp, and while not the culprit, Dick Knott is amenable to the murder as accessory before the fact, and guilty in the eyes of the law. But why prolong this tale of woe? We have met the enemy and we are theirs—horse, foot and dragoon—say 3,000 strong. What we now

most need to know is how our captors will treat us as prisoners of war during the next four years? And we'll "let it go at that."

Our special messenger from telegraphic communications reports that at 2 o'clock Wednesday, the returns show the state Democratic ticket elected by five to ten thousand and majority with exception of Hardin for governor, which race it is believed is very doubtful. Bradley and Hardin both claim to have won by about a thousand votes each and the best information to be had says that it will probably require an official count to decide the race. Gen Hardin is in good spirits and says he has a small majority. Green Kellar, for railroad commissioner, is defeated by three to five thousand. Judge Swango, it is thought, leads the Democratic ticket by a few lengths, owing to an increased vote in the mountains.

Hon. J. C. Lykins received a majority of 206 in Morgan and 120 in Wolfe, making a total of 326 in the district. Hardin carried the district by 475. Wm. Burch, Independent, received about a hundred votes in each county, his support coming from Cliffton, Ezel and Salem.

Frank Horton is elected by 109. Menefee gave Tabor a small majority, but Montgomery voted straight for Horton.

Bailey is elected by 200 or thereabouts. Magoffin gave him 402 majority and the Democratic vote in Breathitt was light.

Bath and Rowan lose their representation to the rads as well as their state senator.

Powell and Estill follow their example and have "gone the way of Ward's ducks."

All in all, this state has lost a big vote due to the "stay-at-homes" who don't like Hardin's views on the money question.

Campbell loses Ohio by 20,000, which is a big Republican loss of 40,000 of last year.

New York that went 150,000 last year is now considered doubtful, both sides confidant.

The New Democratic Chairman.

Pursuant to a rule of the state central committee, the Democratic county committee elect was called together by Chairman H. F. Pieratt for the purpose of electing a county chairman and secretary for the next term of four years. The meeting was held accordingly, and on motion of Dr. W. H. Tutt, C. C. Hanks, of Campton, was unanimously elected chairman, and Dr. J. R. Carroll, of Lee City, was likewise chosen secretary.

The meeting then adjourned sine die.

H. F. PIERATT,
J. H. SWANGO,
Secretary.

Do You Wear Pants?

IF SO, WEAR ONLY

"THE LION BRAND,"

MANUFACTURED BY

KENTUCKY JEANS CLOTHING CO.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Every pair warranted.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

A QUEER DIVORCE CASE.

Man and Wife Swear They Never Saw Each Other Before.

"The annals of the divorce courts contain many curious histories," said an old lawyer to a Post reporter the other day, "but to me the most remarkable case I ever heard of was that of Mr. and Mrs. George, New York, who were married twenty-five years ago. Both parties were prominent in society, and for some time the matter was kept a secret. Mrs. Martin was a young wife, and mother of one child, when, in 1862, her husband enlisted in the union army. She heard from him at intervals for more than a year, and then followed a course of action which she believed entitled intelligence of his death. Mrs. Martin donned widow's weeds, and while mourning her husband's death her child died. She then took up her residence with friends until 1873, when she received the attentions of a Mr. Hyde, a well known business man, and a widower with seven children. The courtship extended over a period of three years, during which time Mr. Hyde was fully informed of Mrs. Martin's former marriage, and, eleven years after Martin's reported death, they were married. Nothing happened to disturb their happiness until ten years later, when Mr. Hyde informed her that Martin was living in the suburbs of Brooklyn, with a wife and children. Investigation proved that the man did live in Brooklyn, as she had been told, but he had left the city in 1863 and entered the army."

"The case came up before the referee, and there Martin swore that he had never seen Mrs. Hyde; that he was a single man when he entered the army; that he married on his return for the first time, and had since been a resident of Brooklyn and made no concealment of his marriage. When Mrs. Hyde was sworn she called on God in heaven to witness that she had never seen Mr. Martin, and when the two were confronted with each other neither was in the slightest manner disconcerted, and repeated their denials of ever having met before."

"Former friends and acquaintances of both swore, however, that they had been married, and were positive of their identity. After a careful investigation, and long consideration the referee decided the party in possession of testimony to be against the defendant, and passed an order, which was approved by the Brooklyn city court annulling the marriage. Mrs. Hyde had no children by her second marriage. Friends volunteered assistance to enable her to carry her case to the superior court, but she concluded to abide by the decision of the referee."—Washington Post.

FALL HEADWEAR.

Fashionable Hats and Trimmings for the Ladies.

The fall hat differs from the summer one in one particular very strongly. Whereas the summer hat had to be reticulated, or, in other words, to display its own headgear, the fall hat is merely chic. Broad brims, crowns of many imitations and like are tabooed, and the trim little shapes which are most capable of developing into the "chic" beneath a skillful milliner's touches have taken their places.

Hats of stiff ribbon, ospreys, quills and wings and the trimmings most becoming fall wear. They are set upon the hats with remarkable mathematical precision which is very charming when the hat adorns a fresh, young face, but which is trying in the extreme to worn ones.

The flower garden effects of the summer are, happily, to disappear. Those fall hats which boastfully flowers at all will have them all of one variety. The trimming will be all in taste, will be popular such as marquiseons and greenings. Whenever they are used, they are set in the midst of leaves, so that their brilliancy is toned down somewhat.

Some of the fall hats have set among their ribbon bows bunches of bright colored berries, which appear at this season of the year. A spray of ospreys, a cluster of crimson partridge feathers, a bunch of violets, a sprig which grows upon wild rose bushes in the fall, or a few bits of bitter-sweet berries are regarded as appropriate as well as pretty adornments.

A hat suitable for early fall wear is a combination of brown and white. The shape is a somewhat wide-brimmed, low-crowned alpine and the material brown felt. The trimming consists of a low bow of brown ribbon placed exactly in the center of the front, with white wings and a white osprey from it. The rim is edged with brown silk cord.

A low, round-cornered walking hat in brown trimmed with brown ribbon close balls of brownish-red ostrich feather and a brownish-red osprey is a pretty piece of fall headgear. Brown and yellow and brown and gold are the way two of the hats go to come in.

A crown hat, abalone, with a picture raising from pale fawn-colored through reddish and into rich brown is a triumph of the milliner's skill.—N. Y. World.

THE WITCH WIFE'S CHARM.

"As I came down the belling lane,
The birds a-singing free,
There came along an old witch wife,
And she called to me:

"Oh, buy a charm of me," she said,
"To chain the sweethearts to the side
Though he is on the sea."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If I fail at heart he be
I'd rather have a charm to keep
The love from me."

"Oh, buy a charm of me," she said,

"To break the curse of foes of thine
Who might work ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,

"If I fail at heart he be
I'd rather have a charm laid on them
Than such a curse on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"A potent charm of me,
To bind the strong heart of thy friend
In love and loyalty."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,

"If I fail at heart he be
Could make or break the chain that binds
My friend's strong heart to me!"

—Margaret Gilman George, in Youth's Companion.

BEN'S BID.

"Why don't you raise chickens for the market?" suggested Hiram Bassett, the village storekeeper, to Ben Singer. Ben was fourteen years old. His mother had died a short time before. His father was a carpenter by trade, but had been crippled by rheumatism so that he could not work. Ben, who always looked on Mr. Bassett as a friend, had been told by his father, his only source, had been telling the storekeeper how much he could get for it if he sold it off, and will give as much of it as possible by selling what we have. He was here to see me about it the other day, and I tried to get him to wait. But he says he's tired of waiting and the sheriff'll come and sell us out."

Ben had a fairly good idea now of the situation. He tried to comfort his father, but it was of little avail. Mr. Singer felt his helplessness and his despair, and did not know what would become of them. Ben worried over what he had heard all night long, but he could find no way out of their difficulty.

The next day he took ten of his best chickens to the village store. He had already sold some of his tools to get the food he and son needed. Ben realized that there would be no way of getting more, unless he managed to do something greater with the odds he picked up now and then from the surrounding farmers.

"I'll do it," said Ben, in response to Mr. Bassett's suggestion, and, turning about, trudged home, and all the way was planning how he might begin.

A week later the "chicken farm," as Ben called it, was a fact; at least he had constructed some coops from old barrels and a box or two. The pay for two days' work he invested in the boxes and with the money obtained by sorting some vegetables for the storekeeper bought two hens which were just about to "set." He and his father already had five pullets, and within a couple of weeks more there were five "clutches" of eggs under as many of his hens.

He fed his chickens from the screens he got at a small price from several of the farmers. The hens managed, too, to pick up a good deal of the scraps from the kitchen garden back of the house. Ben worked hard at the small jobs he was given round about, and waited with confidence for the time when he should be able to make something from his venture.

He would have felt much happier if it hadn't been for his father's condition. Mr. Singer did not complain, but the rheumatism still kept him confined to his big chair. But something worried him very much; the boy could see that. He asked what it was several times, but Mr. Singer's only reply was that he suffered, he felt downhearted on account of being so crippled. He tried to make Ben think that that was all that distressed him, but the boy could not believe it, and the boy could not tell what he ate of it only sparingly.

On a Monday in the early part of the next month the sheriff, in pursuance of formal notice, arrived at the house to make a sale to satisfy Mr. Singer's creditor. Quite a crowd had gathered about the cottage, and there was not one present who did not sympathize with Ben and his son. Ben's father was very ill that morning, and could not leave the bed. The sheriff mounted a box in the yard and began a description of the goods to be sold.

It was a pitiful affair, after all. A few tools, a miscellaneous assortment of cheap furniture, a kitchen stove with some cooking utensils and china, and some lines and blankets. But one item in the lot—the chickens!—had a half-dozen of fine, tall marketable chickens were cooped in by pen, and upon the value of these the county officer dwelt at length.

Then, when he thought he had the crowd sufficiently around, he named a starting figure in default of an actual bid.

"Sixty dollars for this choice lot of chickens and household goods," he cried.

There was no response. He repeated the announcement, then dropped the figures to fifty dollars. Still no one spoke.

The sheriff made some further remarks about the articles for sale and tried again at forty dollars. But the crowd was dumb. No one felt inclined to buy out the crippled carpenter and his son.

The sheriff tried again and again, dropping the figures lower and lower, until he reached the point where no voice was in the explanation, he did not

speak again, but he had a day to perform, and he knew he must get as much out of the sale as he could.

The figures had dropped to ten dollars, but silence reigned, except for a dead-echo from one of the roosters in the yard. Mr. Singer's creditor, evidently, had no representative on the ground, and even the low price named was not taken up with.

The sheriff dropped his offer now, a

cottage. Ben noticed a couple of tears trickle down his father's face. He jumped up and threw his arms around his father's neck. "He was frightened, but he did not understand just what was the matter."

Presently Mr. Singer unclasp'd the boy's hands and looked him in the face. "Ben," he said, "I'm afraid we are in for hard times yet."

"What do you mean, Dad?" asked Ben.

"The house is only rented," said Mr. Singer slowly; "they can't take that, but they can take all our furniture and everything else."

"Why, they belong to us," exclaimed Ben.

"But they do, Ben, but the law gives another man the right to sell them and take the money they bring if we owe him money and can't pay it."

"And we owe somebody money? I thought Dr. James was paid?"

"So he was. But there is some one else to whom I owe money—a man I borrowed from when my mother was sick. I owe him one hundred dollars. He has what they call my note. I haven't been able to pay him, and now he wants to sell the house. He has offered it to right off, and will give as much of it as possible by selling what we have. He was here to see me about it the other day, and I tried to get him to wait. But he says he's tired of waiting and the sheriff'll come and sell us out."

Ben had a fairly good idea now of the situation. He tried to comfort his father, but it was of little avail. Mr. Singer felt his helplessness and his despair, and did not know what would become of them. Ben worried over what he had heard all night long, but he could find no way out of their difficulty.

The next day he took ten of his best chickens to the village store. He had already arranged with Mr. Bassett to have them sent to a competitor, and Mr. Bassett had promised to get him the money for the house as quickly as possible, the idea struck the boy of asking the storekeeper about a sheriff's sale. The thing puzzled him a bit yet, and he indulged a faint hope that, if he knew just how it was done, he might be able to hit on a way out of it. "Mr. Bassett," he said, "how does a sheriff sell you out?"

Perplexed, the storekeeper had an idea of the trouble. "But if he did have no sign of it, and tried to explain Ben how such a sale was conducted. "And the people at the sale," he concluded, "offer to buy what is offered, and the sheriff sells to the one who makes the highest bid."

Ben asked several questions before he left. Then he walked slowly home, and at the white in his mind, he was turning over the only defined project which had been suggested to him by what he had heard.

A week later Ben received the money for his chickens—three dollars and eighty cents. He was a proud boy, and he would have shown his satisfaction more if it had not been for the impending trouble, which made his father so miserable that he could not leave his bed. Ben bought some fruit for twenty-five cents, and took it home to him, and the boy was all the more glad that every dollar he earned went to help his father.

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It was a pitiful affair, after all. A few tools, a miscellaneous assortment of cheap furniture, a kitchen stove with some cooking utensils and china, and some lines and blankets. But one item in the lot—the chickens!

He pointed out his drawing card. A half dozen of fine, tall marketable chickens were cooped in by pen, and upon the value of these the county officer dwelt at length.

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dollar at a time, but, apparently, in vain. It looked as if the sale would end nothing.

"Nine! Eight! Seven! Six! Five! Four! Not a response came from those about.

"Three dollars!" The sheriff was smiling at the ridiculous offer, and was just about to name two dollars, and one dollar in quick succession, hoping for no reply, when a boyish voice, close at hand, answered:

"I bid three dollars!"

The officer looked down on the speaker and saw Ben. The boy held up three ordinary notes in his hand.

"Three dollars I bid," he said. More than one man in the crowd felt like cheering the bidder. But the officer knew he could not accept the offer at once.

"Three dollars I am bid!" he answered. "Who bids four?"

No one spoke.

"Three dollars and a-half, then?" he said.

Every one was silent, and the suggestion of three dollars and a-quarter, likewise, went unanswered. Three dollars was the one bid offered, and, after one exposition, the sheriff took the offer.

Ben handed the money to the sheriff, who congratulated him on his purchase. In his quietness he had sold dems on odd occasions of this kind, and there was not one of the farmers who did not come forward and speak a kindly word of praise and encouragement to the boy.

But Ben was listening to little of all this; he slipped away to his father, who could only strain the boy to him with the tears streaming down his face.

The chicken farm was saved, and the chicken farmer was a success. A year later Mr. Singer was once more working steadily, and his rheumatism was gone; his creditor was paid in full in the amount borrowed from him, and the proceeds from Ben's chicken farm did not make up the sum required.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

METAPHORS BADLY MIXED.

Ludicrous Expressions Called by an Observing German Author.

From over the ocean comes the following collection of mixed metaphors called by a German author. He calls them "pearls of thought." They are worth reproduction if only to warn campaign orators and after-dinner speakers to be more careful in letting drop the honey of their eloquence. Read carefully:

"We will call an inspired democrat, 'born in all our ships,' and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!"

Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Hyle, who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as rolls."

Pan-Germanist, mayor of a Rhine-land corporation rose still higher in an address to the crowd. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany—such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye."

Prof. Lehmann Scherl in a criticism on Lennau's lyrics writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought."

A German peasant speaking of a repentant girl said: "She kneels in the temple of her interior, and, perchance, finds a pearl in India rubber doll could imitate."

The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture. But one must suffice. Count Frankenbeck is the author of it. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock."

But none of these pearls of thought and expression surpass the speech of the immortal Joseph Frischmuth, on presenting himself with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the national guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"—Boston Globe.

Ben Butler's Wit.

As a lawyer Ben Butler was always ready with a witicism, even at the expense of the presiding judge. Once he was retained as counsel for the plaintiff in a libel suit against a certain Boston newspaper, and during the cross-questioning of the publisher, the general was asked what paper he had written. "Read the paper that says I'm a fool," he cried.

"Doctor, how much flesh can one eat?" Ben Butler's wit was not limited to the board room. He was a wit in the streets, too. "How many women does a man have to marry to be a bachelor?" he asked. "None," he replied. "Doctor, how many women does a man have to marry to be a widower?" "None," he said. "Doctor, how many women does a man have to marry to be a widower?" "None," he said again. "Doctor, how many women does a man have to marry to be a widower?" "None," he said again.

"Elise," said Ben, "you're a dear, but you're a fool." "Yes, doctor, I'm a fool," said Elise. "Elise, you're a dear, but you're a fool." "Yes, doctor, I'm a fool," said Elise.

"Sympathetic Plaintiff Friend to Inconsolable Young Widow"—oh, the time I met your dear husband, but he was awfully absent-minded." "Ad—dead?" "Dead!" "Elise, 'Only fancy!' During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." "Well, we won't do the latter again!" "Elle-Bits."

"Sympathetic Plaintiff Friend to Inconsolable Young Widow"—oh, the time I met your dear husband, but he was awfully absent-minded." "Ad—dead?" "Dead!" "Elise, 'Only fancy!' During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." "Well, we won't do the latter again!" "Elle-Bits."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Baron von Thoemmel, who just retired from the post of Austrian minister at Belgrade with the rank of ambassador, is indebted in great part for his diplomatic success to a writing machine which he presented to the Princess of Montenegro, teaching her to sew herself.

—According to a recent investigation the six richest women in the world with the amount of their fortunes are: Isidora Cousino, \$200,000,000; Mrs. Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Bassett, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Barrios, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Garrett, \$10,000,000, and Mrs. Wolleska, \$10,000,000.

—Mayor Strong of New York has won the title of the "marrying may." He has married more couples in less time, according to his terms of office, than his three predecessors, Messrs. Hewitt and Gilroy, did altogether during their terms. It is to be hoped that these strong knots will hold together till the end.

—It costs something to have an aspirator for a friend. The recent visit of Kaiser William to Lord Londsdale cost it, said, \$200,000. This is not quite as bad as was the case in which the duke of Buckingham had Queen Victoria as his guest at Stowe. The costliest knot ever tied was great to bind him.

—Daniel Scott, who died in Chicago the other day, was one of the richest and best known negroes in the country. His parents were slaves on a plantation near Harrisburg, Va., and he was sold away from them at a very early age. He went to Chicago more than twenty years ago. His estate is said to be valued at \$100,000.

—An English woman doctor, Miss Hamilton, was the Shahzada's body physician during his stay in England. She went to Cabul last year to recover from fever, contracted in India, and the king of finding employment among the women of the court. While there she was called upon to attend the aman, who was the aman himself, who had so high an opinion of her skill that he insisted on her accompanying his son on the journey to England and back.

—Archduke Ladislaus' death by the accidental discharge of his rifle while hunting adds another to the remarkable list of violent deaths in the reigning house of Austria. The emperor's son, his brother, Archduke Maximilian, had been committed suicide; the late Archduke Albrecht's daughter was burned to death; Archduke Johann Salvator has disappeared, and, it is said to be dead; Archduke William was thrown from his horse and killed.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Fogg says they are quite stylish in his boarding-house. The servant is not in livery, but the breakfast is in mornings in the week.—Boston Transcript.

—James—"Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar?" William—"I don't know if she is, but she is a member of the class."—Foggs—"What prevent it going off?"—Vassar Sifters.

—Doctor, how much flesh can one eat in a day under your treatment?"—That depends—I have one patient who lost thirty-five pounds yesterday."—Graceions."—"Fact—I cut his leg on Chicago Record.

—Mugde—"Another man called me a liar last night?" Yabisey—"What did you do?" "Well, as he was the size bigger than I, I asked him what he could say something original."—Indians.

—Takes too literally. Her hair is taken down, and she is a belle. Her hair is taken down, and she is a belle. my dear. I wish I were a hat or a bonnet." His wife—"I wish you were a belle. I could change you for another when I got tired of you!"—Fun.

—Bilks—"Come up and hear our minister-to-day." Nobbs—"I don't know if he is here, but I have always heard him once."—Tilts-Bits.

—Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellow citizens. It is said that a friend brought Milord Paradise Lost to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked, when he had finished it: "It's verily a pretty book, but what does it prove?"—Argus.

—Elise—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow; but he is awfully absent-minded." "Ad—dead?" "Dead!" "Elise, 'Only fancy!' During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." "Well, we won't do the latter again!" "Elle-Bits."

—Sympathetic Plaintiff Friend to Inconsolable Young Widow"—oh, the time I met your dear husband, but he was awfully absent-minded." "Ad—dead?" "Dead!" "Elise, 'Only fancy!' During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." "Well, we won't do the latter again!" "Elle-Bits."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, Sept. 1, 1863.—
Negotiations were this week begun for a convention between the United States and Great Britain, to ascertain the storage to Canada, of such vessels whose crews were seized in the Bay of Saguenay, previous to the decision of the law authorities. The Secretary of State, according to the U. S. and Sir George Grey, the British ambassador, who are in conference, have agreed upon principles, and are now in the details. Gen. Duffield, it will be remembered, that Congress voted \$225,000 to pay the expenses of the survey, and the Secretary of State had agreed to pay these expenses, because it was clearly shown that the amount was entirely necessary.

A great part of a session was spent in conference with the negotiators, by a committee that was to include the new details where the discovery of gold in Alaska has raised over the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. But the discussion was continued in uninformed quarters, so far as I can learn, that there could be no ground for any negotiation on this subject until the report of the joint commissioners arrived, and the convention would not be opened, the U. S. and Great Britain, for the survey of the Boundary Line between Alaska and Canada, has been made, and that will not be for several months yet. Gen. Duffield, chief of the coast, and geodetic surveys, the commissioner on the part of Great Britain. This commission has completed the field work of the survey and is now engaged in making the computations. As soon as they are finished the report will be made. Either government may then protest against the acceptance of the report as final. In that case there would be work for negotiations, but there is none now. Gen. Duffield has expressed the opinion that all of the recently discovered gold regions of the Yukon and Fortymile creek are under the jurisdiction of the U. S., and his opinion is doubtless based on the survey.

According to the annual report of Commissioner Leebren, of the U. S. pension bureau, the men whom the records show to have done the least fighting are the ones who are the most claimants for pensions. Probably the most striking feature about this report is the charge that for fear of decreasing the amount of pension money paid in their communities, citizens have thrown obstacles in the way of the special examiners who have sought the necessary evidence to convict recalcitrant pension claimants. That's saying a great deal, and it will be strange if Commissioner Leebren doesn't hear from that charge more claimants. The total number of pensioners on the rolls is 1,200,000, 404,000 new claims came in 1917 and one was received 4/20th. The death number, 27,810, of those deceased for whom pension is given, are not numerous in the number of pensioners for the year, 860. The commissioners estimates that \$90,000,000 will be issued by the pension bureau for the next fiscal year.

The State department will shortly determine what arrangements can be made for Waller, the United States consul who is now in Paris in France as the result of French counter-measure held in Madagascar, as all the papers in the case, including the official records of the diplomatic corps, are now lost.

Confidentially—considering the views and various interests of the two countries, the European countries will aid the U. S. in their efforts to secure freedom from war, and it may largely influence the pronouncements of Washington, and when their position and intentions are known, the Government will be compelled to act accordingly. It is now known that the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, in their efforts to secure freedom from war, will be compelled to act accordingly. They are now being consulted with the European powers, especially Austria.

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